

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Carnival Of Souls"

(feat. Demoz)

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm an ape in the cage, getting more amazing with age  
AK's and Grenades, matter of fact I slay them with blades  
They blantly gays, faggots in berets at parades  
And see, my team is unbeatable, the stadium staged  
I'm basically crazed, walk in circles, pacing for days  
I'm basically dazed, and lost inside a satanist maze  
You face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get AIDS  
I go hard on hard beats, y'all to lazy to shave  
Too lazy to bathe, and so y'all hate on the God  
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the God  
Y'all could never build or conversate with the God  
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God  
(I'm a suicide bomber) Y'all don't want no confrontation with God  
Y'all are swine eaters, that's abomination to God  
(Al hum'du Allah) So put some faith into God  
The objective is to finally conquer fucking Satan with God

[Demosz:]

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column  
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers  
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these story fables  
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label

I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem  
Maserati, I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem  
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care  
All we hear is the drum beat and the fucking snare

All I got is too much hate, not enough love  
Too many plates, not enough grub  
Too many snakes in the grass  
I gotta kill one, cause the gun ain't got enough slugs  
Body under the belt, not enough blood  
Shotty under the shelf, not enough thugs  
You're a bitch you ain't gonna do shit, suck a dick  
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs  
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch  
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip  
Motherfucking hood, where I be, everyday  
You don't like me?  
Come see me nigga, I ain't no bitch  
Far from the last man damn man  
You could be the man what they said  
So I focused on the damn plan  
Face straight like I just did a handstand

Used to be shy now I'm focused like a head cam  
    Demoz, say hello to the sandman  
    Gun pop, good god where your man layin'  
    See that bitch right there with the damn tan  
    Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van  
        Take her home put her in the zone  
        Dick like an L, she gonna put it to the dome  
        Wack DVDs all these niggas in the streets  
    Showing niggas where they live and their fridge and their chrome  
        Nigga please

Do you really think I'm dumb enough to show a motherfucking nigga where I live at  
    Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at  
    Come home find my young boy kidnapped  
Nigga hit that L that you hit, because you motherfuckin crazy if you think I will  
    Pistol Gang to the day I hang  
    Or I see my death, I'm gonna keep it real

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*[Jus Allah:]*  
You should make peace before we pull the peace-makers  
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping neighbours  
    I don't want police pacing up the streets later  
    But the killing has me feeling like a teenager  
    Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper  
        I'll fill in the details, you can read it later  
    We should keep in contact, I may need a favour  
    It's not breach in contract, no release, and waivers  
    It's slavery and cheap labour is a decent bargain  
        It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking  
    It's blood out here, gotta keep my teeth sharpened  
        Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden  
    You doing everything you can just to keep from starving  
    I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than one darling  
    It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince Charming